

Enslaved, 793 (The Battle Of Lindisfarne)

Strokes from oars could be heard, beautiful ships gushed through the sea.

Like a wind from the north, our ancestors reached the shore.

Men from Hordaland, Rogaland and Agder gathered for battle in common.

Proud men with no fear

Strokes from the sword crushed the skull of the christian

A long time we ruled, kings of the north

Many battles we won, at the shores of Midgard

But, betrayed by our own brothers we were forced down on our knees

Now, when the wind once again is howling, the thoughts finally goes toward home

We shall rise in our glory

The white horde will for sure shiver

"We died like men

Therefore we never vanished

Weak is the one the enemy loves

Never betray your origin"

Music by Ivar Bjrnson 1995/96